



CANZON 18.

EXACTER, should it fortune I should pencil
thee ; What glory may attend though on
my skill ? Even such as him befalls, whose pen
doth copy The sweet invention of another's
quill.

My Muse yet never journeyed to the Indes,
Thy Fair to purple in Alchymerean dye, All on
the weak spread of his eyes' wings Sufficeth
that thou mount, though not so high !

Yet should it hap, that, in a kind vouchsafe,
The feature of my pen some grace do win ;
Thereof, ZEPHERIA all the honour hath ! The
copying scribe may claim no right therein :

But if more nice wits censure my lines
crooked,

Thus I excuse, *' I wrote, my light removed !
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CANZON 19.



0 ! NO, ZEPHERIA ' Fame is too rich a
prize My all-unmerited lines for to
attend on ! The best applause of my
Muse, on thine eyes Depends! It
craves but smiles, his pains to
guerdon !

But thine, the glory of this weak
emprise! Well wot I, his demerit is but
bare ' Duteous respect then, will not
that I portionise To me, in love's
respect, equal like care.

Lovely respective ' equal thou this care ! And
with thine heaven's calm smiles, mine heart
imparadise ! Shine forth thy comfort's sun, my
fears' Dismayer! O well it fits lovers to
sympathise !

Hold thou the spoils of Fame, for thine
inheritance! Thy love, to me is sweetest
chevissance !